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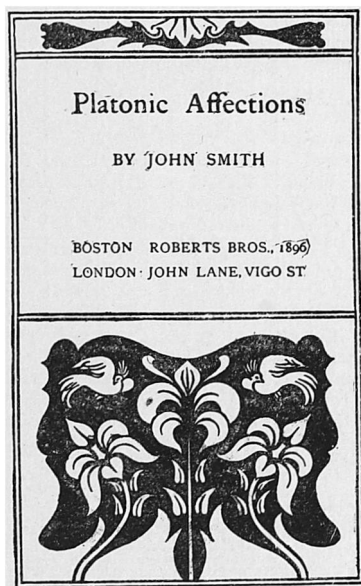
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charms men to their undoing. The hero of this story, for there is no heroine, properly speaking, is a poor Scotch laird, Douglas O'Douglas, on whose head is heaped all the misery that a misplaced and unrequited love can inflict, and to whom there comes no reward, save that gained by self-sacrifice; too good a man to be wrecked by Effie, who is as soulless as Undine. She is well offset by the honesty and straightforwardness of her rival, the Lady Bell. The chiefest charm of the book will be found in the description of the celebration of Halloween in the castle, with its local songs and games, and in the bits of Scotch ballads that form the headings of the chapters. These are all unfamiliar and delightful, as are also the occasional ballads introduced in the text.

The last of the trio is a tale entitled "Platonic Affections," by a writer who chooses to masquerade under the name of John Smith. Truth to tell, there is nothing particularly interesting in the story of Devon, for the



*Title Page
by
Aubrey
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characters are essentially commonplace and its conclusion is the usual one in Platonic romances. It varies only in the fact that these Platonic lovers make the experiment of marriage, at a time when the gentleman has what he fondly believes to be a seared heart, and therefore dead to love, and the lady is in a mood to acquiesce in whatever fate has in store for her. Save the design on the cover of the book, which is reproduced on the title-page, there is no attempt at ornament in the binding.

TOM GROGAN.

In his latest novel, F. Hopkinson Smith has given his public a surprise, in presenting it with a heroine whom it will never meet in polite society. Before this, Mr. Smith's always-picturesque characters, if not all they should be, were, at the worst, vagabonds with some remnants of good breeding still clinging about them; but now he has chosen a woman who is an Irish stevedore, a most incongruous combination, and has endowed her with certain heroic qualities; such as indomitable courage, honor, and generosity beyond the common.

"Tom Grogan" is an unusual, but not impossible, woman, and the record of her struggle with the labor unions, and triumphant victory over

them, formed an attractive feature of the *Century*, where it ran as a serial; and now, published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with the original illustrations by C. S. Reinhart, is an interesting addition to the books of the day.

The story is full of color; everything is alive and glowing; and neither situations nor the incidents that support them are overdrawn.

One does not meet with a Tom Grogan every day, any more than with a Joan Lowrie, but both types of women exist. Equally good are the McGaws, Crimmens, and Rowans, worthy members of the Union. And Mr. Smith is to be congratulated on the excellence of his brogue. To one well acquainted with it, the overdrawn examples continually met in fiction are most irritating, and it is a pleasure to encounter the real thing. Speech and gesture in "Tom Grogan" are just what they should be.

It is not too much to say that the illustrations are as satisfactory as the brogue; both Tom and her neighbors are true to life; only in the design on the cover does Tom cease to be herself and become a strange creature, with the look of an Italian instead of a sturdy Irishwoman.

A MOUNTAIN WOMAN.

From "Tom Grogan" to "A Mountain Woman" is a journey across the continent, to fall in with different types. The author, (Mrs.) Elia W. Peattie, has evidently lived among the people of whom she writes; and if she sometimes exaggerates in order to paint the situation in stronger colors, she at least knows her subject.

With the exception of the first of this group of eight stories, which gives the name to the collection, the central figure, in almost every instance, is a man, and distinctively the western man, farmer or miner, fighting with nature or fate, and, oftener than not, getting worsted in the battle.

"Up the Gulch" is, in some of its aspects, the most grotesque, and also the most sympathetic tale. There is something in the character of Peter Roeder, who has been up the gulch for seventeen years making his pile, and now newly come to the city of Helena to see life and enjoy his wealth, that touches the imagination. The honesty and guilelessness of the man, and his forlorn consciousness that he does not know how to secure happiness, enlist the sympathy.

As he explains: "I ain't a friend,—not a friend! I ain't a com-plainin'. It ain't the fault of any one—but myself. You don't know what a durned fool I've bin. Someway up thar in the gulch I got to seemin' so sort of important t' myself, and my making my stake seemed such a big thing, that I thought I had only t' come down here t' Helena t' have folks want to know me. * * * I used t' dream of sittin' on the steps of a hotel like this, and not havin' a thing to do. When I used t' come down here out of the gulch and see men who had had good dinners, an' good baths, sittin' round smoking, with money t' go over t' the bookstand an' get anything they'd want, it used t' seem to me about all a man could wish for. But I didn't any of the time suppose that would satisfy a man long."

With all his elaborate attire, carefully-tended silk hat, obtrusive diamonds, and rough speech, Roeder is not contemptible nor absurd, which shows how well his author understood him.

"Jim Lancy's Waterloo," the melancholy sketch of the unequal struggle for life on a Nebraska farm, appeared some years ago in the *Cosmopolitan*, and most of its fellows have been published in periodicals.

"A Mountain Woman" is really the least pleasing of these quite original tales. The conception of character is good, and the result of bringing a true child of Nature from the canons of Colorado to the roar of New York, shutting her within the narrow limits of an apartment house and obliging her to consort with the so-called intellectual set, members of Sorosis and would-be artists, and, worst of all, the "appreciators of genius," is well worked out; but the author takes the liberty of allowing some of the